

for the pan. Ring the bell Jimmy," and the one-wheeled vehicle moved leisurely along. Mr. Manglethrope is only a scene-shifter in this drama. He is a necessary part in the play, inasmuch as he is brought in to shew that Mattie was of respectable parentage, and moved in no mean sphere.

The house in which the charmer of my youthful heart lived, was not a palace by any means. It was not a brown stone front, nor yet was it frowning castle. It was a plain, I must confess, a very plain house with a decidedly bad appearance from the outside. And I fondly treasured the hope, in the silent watches of the night, that no one save myself, knew of the treasure which those four rude walls hid from the eyes of the world. I deemed myself the only possessor of the secret, and as I walked in front of the little, beastly-looking dwelling, day after day, like a sentry on his lonely beat, scarce daring to peep up at the windows, I feel certain that my eyes must have undergone some serious obliqueness of vision, for more than once passers-by stopped and looked round at me; some deemed me insane and shrugging their shoulders pitied me, while others stood staring and waited until I returned back again on my beat. Some miscreant told the senior Manglethrope that I was a Sheriff's officer watching the house at the instance of one of the old man's creditors, and of course, whenever he ventured out, he gave me a scowling glance that almost froze me to the spot with terror. It was not cowardice, oh no; but some men have that way of looking unutterable things you know. They don't mean anything by it. In the present instance I did not care to ask. I felt a backwardness in doing so, and I turned on my heel quickly and walked the other way. Occasionally I turned my head: but as rapidly brought it towards the front again for Mr. Manglethrope was watching intently my every movement.

Human endurance lasts not forever. Mattie was fearfully domesticated. She but seldom ventured out of doors. She was always in and had her venerable male parent—her mother was a freckled wizened-up old mortal, who in her youth had probably never "bathed in the softened waters of a silver dew," for I am told by certain medical men that such baths are fully equal to the husks of strawberries for these despoilers of the complexion. I say her maternal relative was a wizened-up bed-ridden lady, who with a pet feline groaned on a rude pallet of straw in the upper garret. Had my loved one's male parent, let me repeat, only remained out of doors instead of stopping in the house at the very hour in which I had time to do my courting, I verily believe, that this day would either have found me a disconsolate widower or a happy husband. But no, the proud fates were in league against me, and the demons triumphed over virtue. Mattie little knows the treasure she, in the "twinkling of an eye" lost on that blissful but very unpleasant night, (for some parties) in May 18—. Whew! how time flies to be sure. Who would think so many years could have passed away. Let me see is it so long ago? Alas! yes.

Well let us get on with our story. I would have written a note to her couched in the most classic language at my command: but strange